

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST NET SALE.

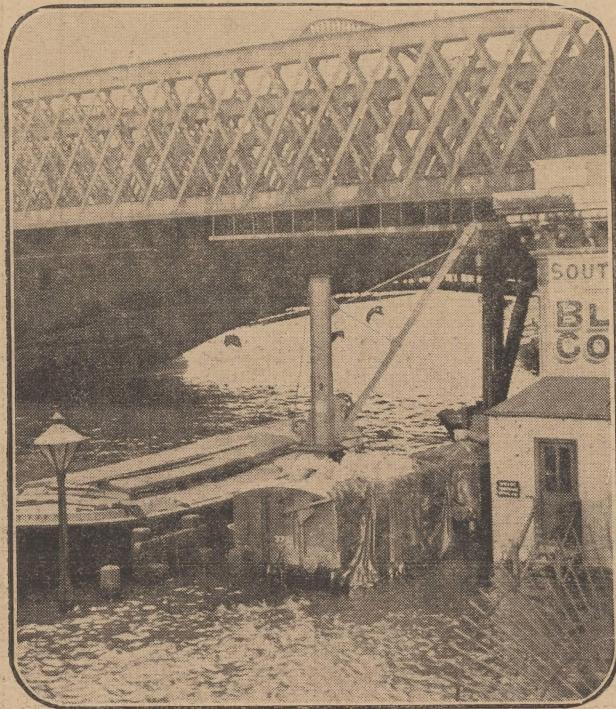
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One Halfpenny.

FLOOD AT BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.



With a strong northerly gale preceding yesterday's spring tide, the Thames yesterday afternoon flooded many riverside wharves. At the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway wharf at Blackfriars the rolling stock was under water.



At Kew and in other places on the Thames large areas were flooded yesterday, as is seen by the above photograph.

YESTERDAY'S BY-ELECTION.



To fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Jeffreys, polling yesterday took place for the Basingstoke Division of Hampshire. Above is a portrait of Mr. Clavell Salter, K.C., the Conservative candidate, and below Mr. H. C. Verney's election cart. Inset are photographs of Mr. Verney, the official Liberal candidate, on the left, and Mr. Ernest Polden, the Independent Liberal candidate, on the right.

WHAT LORD ROBERTS SAYS TO YOU:

Speaking in the House of Lords on the 10th July 1905
I said : - "It is to the people of the country I appeal to take
up the question of the Army in a sensible practical
manner. For the sake of all they hold dear, let them
bring home to themselves what would be the condition of
Great Britain if it were to lose its wealth, its power,
its position." The catastrophe that may happen if
we still remain in our present state of unpreparedness
is vividly and forcibly illustrated in Mr. Le Queux's
new book which I recommend to the perusal of
every one who has the welfare of the British Empire
at heart.

Roberts. J.M.

THE INVASION OF 1910

WITH A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE SIEGE OF LONDON.

This Intensely Interesting Narrative, by Mr. Wm. Le Queux, of which Lord Roberts speaks above,

Begins ^{IN} THE LONDON 'DAILY MAIL' TO-MORROW.

ANGRY SCENES IN PARLIAMENT.

**Mr. Balfour in the Great
Fiscal Debate.**

PREMIER'S ATTACK.

**Sir Henry Says "Enough of This
Foolery."**

HEATED DISCUSSION.

A debate that will be historic opened in the House of Commons last night, when the fiscal question, the greatest political controversy of the time, was discussed.

Hardly of less interest to members was the return to the House of Mr. Balfour, the ex-Premier, who was elected for the City of London, with a record majority, after his defeat in East Manchester.

Mr. Balfour's welcome was of the heartiest description, all parties realising that a picturesque figure had been restored to the deliberations of Parliament.

Among the first to congratulate Mr. Balfour when the formalities had concluded was Mr. John Burns, raised to Cabinet rank since the ex-Premier surrendered his seat.

As the House was being cleared for a division the President of the Local Government Board, striding down the floor, overtook the Leader of the Opposition, shook him warmly by the hand, and the pair, chatting gaily together, disappeared into the lobbies.

When Mr. Balfour took his seat his face was wreathed in smiles and blushes. His supporters cheered vociferously.

EX-PREMIER'S LONG WAIT.

A crowded House had gathered to witness the historic ceremony. Members had long to wait, for questions were more persistent than usual. They fidgeted impatiently.

Eyes were universally fastened on the tall figure at the bar, sandwiched in the one side by Sir Edward Clarke and on the other by the tall, bushy-browed, red-moustached Whip of the Unionist Party, Sir Alexander Acland-Hood.

Slowly the moments passed. The ex-Premier took up his glasses, bit his nails, glanced at the clock, chatted and joked with the Government Whip behind him, cast glances at his successors on the Treasury Bench, and smiled as "C.-B." and Mr. Chamberlain sparred lightly about the suspension of the twelve o'clock rule.

At last came the Speaker's accustomed invitation. "Members desiring to take their seats are requested to come to the table."

Smilingly Mr. Balfour marched up the floor between his sponsors, a great welcoming shout bursting from the Unionist benches.

Sir Courtenay Ilbert advanced to meet him. He gave him the card containing the printed form of allegiance, and Mr. Balfour took the oath and kissed the New Testament.

"Welcome, little stranger!" shouted Mr. Jeremiah MacVeagh, a diminutive Nationalist, and gusts of laughter swept the Irish benches.

THE SPEAKER'S WELCOME.

Mr. Balfour smiled. Then the Clerk opened the drawer of the Treasury table, pulled out the book of membership (the so-called "roll," interleaved with blotting-paper, resembles an antiquated deposition book), and the ex-Premier picked up a quill pen and therein wrote, in flowing hand, "Arthur James Balfour, City of London."

The remaining formalities occupied barely a minute.

Amid a storm of cheers Mr. Balfour filed along the Treasury bench, bowed with courtly grace to Mr. Speaker, who shook him warmly by the hand, and then, passing behind the chair, took his seat on the Opposition benches.

Mr. Chamberlain and his son, who had been sitting together, made an opening, so that Mr. Balfour might come between them and be in the particular position on the bench always given to the leader. The three were soon in cordial conversation.

A few minutes later Mr. Balfour was addressing the House of Commons. He lost no time in getting to work in the place that knows him so well.

THE FISCAL DEBATE.

There was a full House when Sir James Kitson opened the great fiscal debate at twenty minutes past four. The resolution he moved was in the following terms, and much attention was subsequently given to its wording:

That this House, recognising that in the recent general election the people of the United Kingdom have demonstrated their unqualified fidelity to the principle and practice

of free trade, deems it right to record its determination to resist any proposal, whether by way of taxation upon foreign corn or of the creation of a general tariff upon foreign goods, to create in this country a system of protection.

Sir James said he well remembered the repeal of the Corn Laws and incidents preceding it. He remembered the Bread Riots in 1843, when the police, supported by cavalry, conveyed a number of persons prisoners from Leeds to Wakefield Gaol, and he remembered when Mr. Cobden was elected member for the West Riding of Yorkshire in the year 1847.

He cited statistics to show that our export and import trade was progressing by leaps and bounds in all its essential and profitable branches—cotton, wool, iron, engineering, shipbuilding—and he especially challenged Mr. Chamberlain's figures, which he declared to be absolutely erroneous to the knowledge of everybody familiar with these industries.

APPEAL TO CAESAR.

"Those who have appealed to Caesar," exclaimed Mr. Austin Taylor, who seconded, "must abide by his decision. If someone pulls the string of a shower-bath, expecting a gentle shower, and then is greeted with a deluge, one can only expect to be told, if one shivers, that one ought not to have pulled the string." (Triumphant Ministerial merriment.)

Then, almost with a spring, Mr. Balfour rose, amid a tornado of cheers.

The speecher of the mover and seconder, he said, had not been directed towards the resolution. They had been attacks on the views held by Mr. Chamberlain and himself. The motion was a Vote of Censure on the Opposition. A novel parliamentary operation, and one with which the Government had deliberately associated themselves.

"No one," said the Premier in high-pitched tones, "can do a more serious thing than raise unnecessary controversy."

"And then run away!" shouted Mr. MacNeill excitedly.

Vigorously Mr. Balfour twitted the Government with the wording of the resolution. "Was it by deliberate intention that the words 'or otherwise' had been omitted after the word 'goods'?" Did they intend that free trade should be violated in every way except by a duty on foreign corn?"

The Premier purpled. "Are you serious?" he said, with lifted brows.

"Well, make it clear what you mean and what you don't mean," retorted Mr. Balfour. "By the motion you are against any tax not adequately balanced by excise."

There was a scene at the close of the ex-Premier's speech. Nobody on the Treasury bench rose to reply.

CRIMES OF "BANNERMAN!"

Mr. Balfour scanned the Government bench. "Is no member of the Government going to reply?" he asked.

"Bannerman!" "Bannerman!" demanded the Opposition. The Premier, hands folded, chin lowered, made no response.

Then up got Mr. Russell Rea, an elderly Ministerialist, with an iron-grey beard.

"Oh!" "Chair!" "Order!" "Sit down!" roared the Opposition.

Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour held an animated conference on the front bench.

The keen and alert figure with the eye-glass sprang to his feet. Both Mr. Rea and Mr. Chamberlain remained standing. Both refused to give way. Cheers and counter-cheers were tossed across the floor.

"I called on Mr. Rea," said the Speaker, glancing at Mr. Chamberlain. "Mr. Rea finished his speech.

Mr. Chamberlain followed. A storm of Unionist shouts greeted him. "I was not aware," he explained, "when I rose that you, sir, had called upon the member for Gloucester."

With almost hissing vehemence, the statesman turned to the resolution. "What are we to be censured for," he demanded angrily.

RIDING OVER THE MINORITY.

"I have sat in many Parliaments and had experience of many majorities, but I've seen none so truculent as this. Ministers think they can ride over small minorities as they like."

"You're now catching a little of it yourself," screamed Mr. Dillon, amid a storm of taunting laughter.

Replying to Mr. Balfour, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman displayed more than usual spirit by saying that the ex-Premier little knew the temper of the new House of Commons—(Cheers and laughter)—if he thought his airy graces and subtle dialectics would prevail there.

He ridiculed the distinctions that Mr. Balfour raised in the resolution, and said he had no direct answer to give to his distinctions. They were utterly futile and misleading. They were invented for occupying time in the debate, and he said "Enough of this foolery." (Loud cheers and up roar.)

What might do in the last Parliament was altogether out of place now. Let the Opposition move their amendment, and let the House get to business.

Mr. Buxton-Coutts, in supporting a motion for adjournment complained of the tone of brutal tyranny—"Oh, oh," cheers, and laughter)—in which the Prime Minister referred to his big batallas and the fierce temper of the new House of Commons. (Up roar.)

The House then divided. For the adjournment, 115; against, 405—Government majority, 290.

MR. ASQUITH IN A CAB ACCIDENT.

**Four-Wheeler Capsizes and Chancellor Has
Narrow Escape.**

Happily no serious results have accrued from Mr. Asquith's misadventure in a four-wheeled cab on Sunday, though the Chancellor of the Exchequer certainly had a narrow escape.

The cab was completely overturned and badly damaged, much more so than the distinguished fare, who sustained only a few bruises.

Smiling gratefully, Mr. Asquith got out upon the pavement, dusted his garments, and called another cab—this time a hansom—in which he rolled away to his residence in Cavendish-square.

In the evening the right hon. gentleman went out to dinner, and yesterday braved the perils of a motor-car tour in the country as better for shaken nerves than the fiscal debate.

It is somewhat singular that the historic debate, which had been adjourned till Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain were able, after their illness, to be in their places, should have been opened last night in the absence of the Government's ablest debater, in consequence of a cab accident the previous day.

Statesmen are somewhat unfortunate with their cab rides. Two or three years ago Mr. Chamberlain had a more serious mishap than Mr. Asquith, in Whitehall. He was detained indoors for some days with a cut forehead.

PRINCESS ENA'S ALLOWANCE VOTED.

**Spanish Government Fix £10,000 a Year as
Payment to Future Queen.**

MADRID, Monday.—In the Chamber to-day the Minister of Finance will announce that it is proposed to fix the allowance of the future Queen at £10,000 a year. After the sitting the Government will formally announce to the Diplomatic Body the forthcoming marriage of King Alfonso.

The Government issues a denial to a report that Princess Ena has made a gift of £80,000 to the Vatican. —Reuter.

The Spanish Ambassador and the staff of the Embassy visited Kensington Palace yesterday and paid their respects to Princess Henry of Batzenberg and Princess Ena.

DEADLOCK AT ALGECIRAS.

**Policing Question Referred Back by Committee to
the First Delegates.**

ALGECIRAS, Monday.—This morning the Drafting Committee of the Conference considered the police question, with a view to reducing those points on which an agreement has still to be effected.

The two subjects under discussion, namely, the appointment of an inspector of police at the ports and the distribution of the seaports, have not yet been settled.

In fact, the German delegates have declared that they have no instructions on these matters. The members of the committee will therefore refer them to their first delegates.

The meeting was marked by a very cordial tone. —Reuter.

NEW FRENCH CABINET.

M. Sarrien Obtains the Co-operation of MM. Clemenceau, Briand, and Bourgeois.

PARIS, Monday.—The new Ministry has been formed, and will be constituted as follows:—

Prime Minister and Minister of Justice, M. Sarrien; Foreign Minister, M. Bourgeois; Minister of the Interior, M. Clemenceau; Minister of Finance, M. Poincaré; Public Instruction, M. Briand; Commerce, M. Leygues; Marine, M. Thomson; Public Works, M. Barthou; Agriculture, M. Ruau. —Exchange.

THE POPE AND MR. J. P. MORGAN.

ROME, Monday.—Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was received in private audience by the Pope to-day. Mr. Morgan was in the presence of the Pope for a very short time only, and the conversation consisted merely in an exchange of compliments. —Reuter.

ARGENTINE PRESIDENT DEAD.

BUENOS AIRES, Monday.—President Quintana died suddenly between one and two o'clock this morning of pulmonary bronchitis, accompanied by other complications. An enormous crowd filed past the President's remains to-day. —Reuter.

1,150 KILLED IN MINE DISASTER.

**Fear of Another Explosion Stops
Rescue Work.**

TRAGIC INCIDENTS.

**Gallant Son's Brave Struggle To Save
His Father.**

LENS, Monday.—According to an official statement issued by the Courrières Company the number of the killed is 1,150.

All work for the recovery of bodies and the rescue of any possible survivors has had to be stopped owing to the fresh accumulation of fire damp. The engineers fear another explosion. They are trying to improve the ventilation, and it is not probable that anything further can be done in the mine before Wednesday.

Nine firemen of the Paris Fire Brigade are, however, on their way here with smoke helmets and special apparatus which, it is hoped, will enable them to descend. —Reuter.

PATHETIC STORIES.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LENS, Monday.—More piteous and pathetic details of the great catastrophe have come under my notice.

A son's devotion was in one case the means of rescuing his father's body. The lad had escaped by a ladder, and when he found his father had not been saved he again went down twice with rescue parties. Each time they had to return half-asphyxiated. The miners, after these experiences, were inclined to hang back, as they thought the quest was hopeless. The lad, however, threatened to go down by himself if no one else volunteered. Two others eventually accompanied him, and the dead body of the lad's father was found and brought to the top. Nine other people owed their lives to this brave lad and his friends.

A terribly sad story attaches to the case of one miner who went mad after being rescued. This man and his son were working together in the pit where the greatest effect of the explosion was felt. The son was shockingly injured, both arms being blown off, but the father escaped with some burns. There was a rush of all who were in a condition to attempt to save themselves, and the father was carried along with them. The son was heard calling piteously upon them to save him, too, but the father was forced up the ladder by the other miners, and as they ascended they could still hear the injured lad shouting: "Father, take me!"

FATHER BECOMES INSANE.

On reaching safety the father, weeping bitterly, pleaded with others to go to save his son. Ultimately he became quite insane.

One man brought up dead was to have been married in a few days, and the girl engaged to him failed to identify his body.

One old lady who sells coffee to the miners at the pit-head has lost two sons and several grandsons in the catastrophe.

The Bishop of Arras, in whose diocese Courrières is situated, has received a telegram of condolence from the Pope, who says he will pray for the eternal repose of the victims.

The French Chamber of Deputies yesterday adjourned £20,000 for the relief of the sufferers, and adjourned till to-morrow as a sign of mourning.

In the House of Commons yesterday the Prime Minister, in reply to two questions, said his Majesty's Government had expressed to the French Government their deep concern at the disaster.

Northumberland miners have dispatched a telegram expressing their deepest sympathy.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

A boat capsized yesterday on the Danube with fifteen female fruit sellers who were returning from Budapest, and eight were drowned.

The approaching retirement is announced of Mr. John Philips, postmaster and Post Office surveyor, of Manchester, after forty-one years' service.

At Merthyr yesterday four colliers were injured, one of them rather badly, through the cage in which they and others were descending falling violently to the bottom of the pit.

Mr. William Tattersall, the well-known cotton expert, says it is now officially stated that the Indian cotton crop will be nearly 600,000 bales less than last season—a falling off of 15 per cent.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Gusty northwesterly variable breezes; fine and frosty early; snow later, followed by rain; cold.

Lighting-up time, 6.38 p.m.

Sea passages will be rather rough to moderate.

LONDON'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Highest Tide for Generation Causes

River to Overflow.

STRIKING INCIDENTS.

March weather—proverbially uncertain—has never been more eccentrically erratic than at present.

After days of glorious sunshine, recalling June at its best, bitter weather followed, which reached a climax yesterday with snowstorms all over the country, furious gales round part of the coast, and floods of exceptional severity.

London had a narrow escape from disastrous floods, the Thames rising 4ft. 4in. above Trinity high-water mark—the highest spring tide recorded for a generation.

As it was, great damage was done. But for the circumstance that the river protections had been raised by a foot after the record flood tide of January 18, 1881—which was 6in. lower than yesterday's—there would have been great lakes on both sides.

For a time it appeared as if the Temple Station would be flooded; the firemen's garden by Blackfriars Bridge was completely submerged; the gangways to the Thames Conservancy and L.C.C. steamboat piers were under water; sewer pipes burst, and flood fountains were caused by the water spraying up in a dozen jets through the gratings opposite the Conservancy pier.

Ebbed Just in Time.

Just in time to avert an overflow on the roadway at the Temple steps and at Cleopatra's Needle the tide turned. So high was the river level that barges could not go under the bridges.

Lower down the river, despite the hurried raising of dams of puddled clay, the water forced its way into dozens of dwelling-house basements, cellars, and factories. Much furniture and machinery was damaged.

When the tide was receding the river presented a remarkable spectacle. From the wharves barrels of oil and cases of all kinds of merchandise had been swept away and were borne some distance on the current before being left stranded on the muddy banks. Large numbers of men were kept busy for hours in recovering them.

Tow-paths up the river were submerged, and many acres of meadows were under water.

SCENES ON COAST AND IN COUNTRY.

Water lay about 8ft. deep in parts of Nairn, several houses being isolated.

About 70ft. of the parade at Herne Bay was carried away, the shipway at the Ship Inn was smashed up, and the sea flooded several streets to the depth of between 4ft. and 5ft.

Part of the North Shore Cliffs at Blackpool were undermined and washed away.

Many Channel steamers, which had very rough passages, were delayed for about an hour.

Sea rendered Welsh mountain roads impassable, and work was suspended in Carnarvonshire slate quarries.

Numerous damaged vessels sought shelter at Kirkwall, from which the mail service to the south was interrupted.

Heavy seas swept away part of the protective sea wall near Sheerness.

Intending passengers had to find a new route to the Strood railway station, the road leading to it being under water.

Great waves sank the steamer South Tyne moored near the pier at Portnockie, Banffshire.

The sailing ship Maid of Kent went ashore near Grangemouth.

JOHN BRIGHT'S GRANDSON

Killed by an Accident at the Rockdale Mills

Associated with His Distinguished Ancestor.

By a very sad catastrophe, Mr. Leonard Roth, grandson of Mr. John Bright, the great statesman and ideal Saxon orator, has just lost his life at the mills of Messrs. John Bright Bros., Rochdale.

Mr. Neave, a friend of Mr. Roth, who was staying with him for the week-end, was also killed, and the chief engineer, Mr. Thomas Pickles, and several workmen were badly injured.

The accident, which took place on Sunday night, was due to the bursting of a new 450-h.p. turbine.

LORD TOWNSHEND'S RATES.

Among the summonses which came before the Hove magistrates yesterday was one against the Marquess Townshend for the non-payment of £9 post-rate, and £10 16s. district-rate, in respect of a house in Cromwell-road.

The marquis did not appear, nor was he represented; and the usual order was made for payment.

POLLING IN A BLIZZARD.

Humours of the Three-Cornered Electoral Duel at Basingstoke.

Amid a succession of blizzards polling took place in the Basingstoke Division of Hampshire yesterday to fill the parliamentary vacancy caused by the death of the Right Hon. A. F. Jeffreys.

What excitement there was in the contest had been imparted by the entrance of three candidates into the field. These were Mr. Clavel Salter, K.C., Conservative; Mr. Harry Verney, Liberal; and Mr. Ernest Polden, Independent Liberal and free-trader.

Mr. Polden's supporters in Aldershot and Farnborough literally painted the town red.

Before either military or civilians were awake striking appeals had been fashioned in red paint on the pavement, and in the matter of advertising generally Mr. Polden easily out-Barnumed Barnum.

While yet the day was young he was the central figure of a triumphal procession, consisting of sixteen motor-cars, two omnibuses, and a pair-horse phæton. The independent candidate, in a fur overcoat and sporting a large, red, silk muffler, occupied the last-named vehicle, and the cavalcade was loudly cheered in Aldershot streets.

A little mail-cart, drawn by a goat, also paraded Mr. Polden's colours, while his niece, in a governess-car, waved a pennant bearing the words: "Do you for uncle?"

It really looked as if Mr. Polden or his friends had flooded Aldershot with motor-cars. Even the powerful vehicle which Mr. Arthur Balfour, the ex-Premier, dispatched to his friend, the Conservative candidate, found its way to Mr. Polden's committee-rooms, but the chauffeur soon found out his mistake. One of Mr. Polden's cars tried conclusions with a military wagon, but came off second best.

Basingstoke gave itself up almost completely to Mr. Verney, who only lost by 120 votes at the general election.

Mr. Salter and Mr. Verney each made a tour of the division by motor, the journey being just about a hundred miles.

AMAZING SPECULATIONS.

Ex-Clerk Who Made a Fortune Out of Carriages and Lost £30,000 on Corn.

How Mr. William White, chairman of White's Carrige Company, started as a clerk at £120 a year and became a bankrupt for £211,000 only to be told in the course of his public examination at Liverpool yesterday. Mr. White is in custody on a charge of fraud, and fled his position while in prison. He said in 1890 he started a coach-hiring business with one horse and trap. Five years later he established a carriage company with £8,000 borrowed money, and some time later White's Carrige Company was formed, with a capital of £50,000, to take over this business, and he received £13,000 for his interest.

In 1901 he commenced to speculate, with the result that his gross liabilities at the time of going into bankruptcy were £211,000, while his assets are calculated at £13,811. He calculates that in corn alone he lost £30,000. He admitted he never kept any books or accounts of these transactions, although in the month of January of this year alone his turnover amounted to £420,000.

The inquiry was adjourned for a month.

FUN WITH A FORTUNE-TELLER.

Bristol Clairvoyant Tells Detective's Wife of Widower Who Will Shortly Marry Her.

A detective's wife visited a Bristol clairvoyant, of foreign extraction, described as Mme. von Sopham and was told many things, some true and some otherwise.

The detective's wife, said madame, had much bad luck with several widowers. "There is a widower after you now," continued madame, "with red whiskers, and in two years you will marry him."

Another witness said that madame told her many things which were true, among others that she would soon be married to a dark man, with a flushed complexion." That, said witness, blushing, was the colour of the young man she was walking out with.

The Bench, though asked to pay regard to the humorous side of the matter, thought it better to fine Mme. von Sopham £2 and costs, or in default one month.

HUSBAND FOLLOWS WIFE TO DEATH.

Stephen Butler was yesterday found dead at the bottom of Copper Pit, Morriston, Wales.

His wife was found drowned in Swansea Canal last Thursday, and since then the husband had been missing.

RECTOR DIES "IN HARNESS."

The Rev. R. Woodroffe Boyce, rector of Eastrop, Basingstoke, who on Sunday night collapsed in the pulpit, died yesterday without regaining consciousness.

TEMPLE SUICIDE.

Well-Known Financier Found Dead in His Chambers.

FRIEND OF RHODES.

Mr. F. Lowrey, a well-known figure in City financial circles, was found dead on the floor of his chambers in the Temple yesterday with a wound in his throat. A razor lying beside the body indicated the mode of suicide.

When one of the women cleaners was making her customary rounds on the third floor of 5, Essex-court, she was startled to find that Mr. Lowrey's room had evidently been occupied during the week-end. This seemed strange to her, as it was too early for Mr. Lowrey to make his appearance. Looking around the room the woman was shocked to find Mr. Lowrey lying on the floor apparently dead.

She immediately notified the police, who called in a doctor, but Mr. Lowrey had been dead several hours.

Wrote Literary Articles.

The motive for the tragedy is unknown, though it had been observed that Mr. Lowrey had not been well lately, and about a year ago his manner changed, a private grief, it is whispered, having embittered his life. His house at 33, Hans-road, S.W., about this time was rented.

Among his business friends, who were shocked at his sudden end, he is remembered as a genial gentleman, with a ready wit, and a rich flow of anecdote. He had hundreds of good friends in South Africa and in London.

At Oxford, Mr. Lowrey had a brilliant career, and early in life went to South Africa, where he became a friend of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, and Dr. Rutherford-Harris, and was considered one of the first authorities on Cape finance in the country. For a long period he was connected with the Consolidated Goldfields Company, being manager of the New Gold Coast Agency.

Mr. Lowrey wrote literary articles for various reviews, and had a wide acquaintance among literary men. He was about fifty-five years old.

NOTABLE THEATRICAL WEDDING.

Daughter of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones Marries Son of Miss Mary Moore.

All the theatrical world was interested, and many representing it were present, in the wedding solemnised yesterday at St. George's, Hanover-square, of Miss Gertrude A. Jones, daughter of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the famous dramatist, to Mr. Irving Albery, son of the late Mr. James Albery, dramatist, and Mrs. Albery, better known to theatre-goers as Miss Mary Moore.

Hanover-square looked very bright as the carriages rolled up, and a bright sun tempered the keen wind. The decorations inside the church were as bright as the welcome sun outside, and the service was fully choral.

A reception was held afterwards at Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's residence, 38, Portland-place.

Amongst the guests were Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault (Miss Irene Vanbrugh), Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier (Miss Violet Vanbrugh), Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mrs. Beerbohm, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude, Mr. and Mrs. Pinero, Mr. and Mrs. Weedon Grossmith, Lady Violet Greville, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and Sir Felix Semon.

MOTOR-DRIVERS' UNION.

Common Sergeant Discharges Two Young Tutors of Chauffeurs on Trial for Fraud.

After hearing the opening of the defence, the Common Sergeant at the Old Bailey yesterday decided that there was no case to go to the jury in the matter of Reski Medawar and John Raymond Kerr.

They were indicted for conspiracy to defraud in connection with the Motor-Drivers' Union, a concern which they started as a school for chauffeurs.

An interesting argument was advanced by Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., for the defence. It was a genuine school. His clients did not say that this was the best school that one could have wished for, but in these days there was a good deal of colouring about advertisements. People advertised magic pins, which they asserted would cure eye ill among the sum, and which, of course, did nothing of the sort, but they were not prosecuted for fraud.

The Common Sergeant, withdrawing the case from the jury, discharged the two young men.

MR. TOOKE'S BIRTHDAY.

Mr. J. L. Toole celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday at Buntingford yesterday, and received many presents and messages of congratulation. The veteran comedian, although as well as can be expected, is very feeble.

TUBE INTERCHANGES.

Probable Arrangement Between Companies for a Reduction of Fares.

The changes that have followed the opening of the Baker-street and Waterloo tube have been immediate and considerable. But there will have to be more before the voice of the grumbler is silenced.

Some people, in fact, have begun to grumble that no special facilities have been made for the interchange of passengers between the new tube and the Central London line at the junction of Oxford-circus. Passengers have to pay the full fare of 2d. on each line.

The *Daily Mirror* suggested to the general manager of the Central London tube yesterday the advisability of issuing transfer tickets, available on both lines, for 3d. each.

"The idea is quite feasible," he said, "though one would have to go very thoroughly into the matter before coming to any arrangement with another company."

"The great argument against it is, of course, that it would be reducing our fares, which are already at the lowest possible rate."

"On the other hand, an arrangement such as you suggest might result in an increase of passengers sufficient to make the matter worth our while."

As Oxford-circus is just about the middle of both lines, passengers only travel a short distance on each.

One effect of the opening was seen yesterday in the notices on omnibuses of reduction of fare to 2d. for the journey from Baker-street to Waterloo. There was a noticeable difference in the number of passengers carried.

RUINED CAB TRADE.

Taximeters and 6d. Fares To Compete Against Tubes and Motor-Omnibuses.

If the London cabman is not to be driven out of existence by the competition of tube railways and motor-omnibuses he must be at liberty to charge sixpence for short distances, according to Mr. Michaels, ex-president of the Cab-drivers' Union, who urges the introduction of the taximeter.

The London Improved Cab Company issued a circular to the cabmen in their employment advocating the adoption of the taximeter as a means of relieving the depression.

"Cab-drivers and masters are at present," said Mr. Michaels yesterday to the *Daily Mirror*, "dead against it. Things were bad enough before the advent of the motor-omnibus, but the opening of the new Baker-street and Waterloo Railway has knocked from £200 to £300 more off cabmen's daily earnings. They will be forced to capitulate or see the utter extinction of the cab-trade."

"I have no hesitation in saying that the next twelve months will see the taximeter in use in every cab in London. Sixpenny fares for short distances would save the situation."

PART OF EUSTON EXPRESS DERAILLED.

Injuries to Four Passengers Who Were in Carriages Smashed Through the Accident.

During a snowstorm yesterday morning, four coaches of the London and North-Western midnight express train, from Euston, left the rails outside Stafford Station, for some cause yet unexplained, and three of them were practically smashed to pieces.

Fortunately there were few passengers in the train, and only four were injured. Captain Seabrook, Fulwood Barracks, received a compound fracture of the leg, and was conveyed to an infirmary; but Messrs. Wixley and Gale, of London, and Mr. Pollen, of Preston, who were only slightly hurt, were able to proceed north.

Ten passengers were killed and fifteen injured, some fatally, in a collision between a train and a goods truck near Godsend, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, yesterday.

ANOTHER TUNNEL MYSTERY.

Tragic Death of a S.E. Railway Passenger Baffles Elucidation by the Officials.

The latest railway mystery is at present being investigated by the South-Eastern Railway officials, and concerns the death of a gentleman who has been found mutilated near the Godstone entrance of the Reichen Tunnel.

Up to the present inquiries show that the man's name is David Syrad. He is believed to be a public-house broker, but no trace of his address can be found.

How he came to be on the line has not yet been ascertained, but vigilant inquiries are being made.

LORD HAMPTON GRAVELY ILL.

Lord Hampton, who is lying ill at Worcsley Court, his Worcsley seat, was reported last night to be in an extremely grave condition.

FURNITURE MEN AS "GAOLERS."

Strange Siege Scenes in the Oetzmann Case.

LETTERS TO COUNSEL.

Shame!

The word came hissing from the back of Mr. Justice Bucknill's court, where the "Jewell v. Oetzmann" case is being tried.

Mr. Lush, K.C., had just stated that a quantity of the furniture that had once appertained to the Misses Jewell's Eastbourne boarding-houses, and had been seized by Messrs. Oetzmann, men, had been put up for sale at the Hotel Metropole, Southend.

Then the eager voice at the back of the court said "Shame!"

But the Judge was by no means minded that anybody save counsel and witnesses, however eager, should be allowed an audible expression of opinion; "I should not like to have to clear the court," said the Lordship, "but if remarks are made I shall clear it of all except those who are professionally engaged."

A partial clearance would have suited all those whose business takes them to the court, for the interest of the "general public" in the case that it requires the strength and dexterity of a Madrai to force a way through those who pack the gangways.

Day of "Minor Witnesses."

At the beginning of the second week the case for the plaintiffs, Miss Ellen Jewell and Miss Annie Jewell, is not yet finished. Yesterday was taken up with what may be called "minor witness."

The first of these was a man named John King, formerly in the employ of Messrs. Oetzmann.

Among the complaints against the firm is that it removed, during the seizure at Eastbourne, various articles that came neither under the heading "Things supplied under the hire system," nor under "Things sold to Messrs. Oetzmann."

The witness spoke about these unclassed articles, which, it is alleged, were also seized.

Miss Ellen and Miss Annie, Mr. Lush pointed out, by an order of Court were allowed to visit the Oetzmann's Hampstead-road establishment early in the present year to point out the articles which they claimed were exempt from seizure.

"Mr. Willoughby Oetzmann told me to hide certain goods," said the witness.

"Did he tell you where to put them?" asked counsel.

The hiding-places, according to the witness, were a wardrobe and "behind a door." It was impossible when the ladies came for them to see the articles—furniture and pictures.

When this witness, in cross-examination, said that he had written to Mr. Montague Lush, K.C., during the progress of the case to the effect that he had something to say, Mr. Dickens, K.C., was reminded of his own experiences of letters to counsel.

"In the Peasenhall case," he said, "four people wrote to me to say they were the murderers."

Another witness, named Vickers, formerly employed by Messrs. Oetzmann, said that he had hidden some cruelty.

Imprisoned in the Kitchen.

Mrs. Graham had had rather a remarkable experience when she went to No. 34, Grand-parade, during the seizure, to see what was happening to Mrs. Jewell and her daughter, Miss Jenifore. Downstairs some men were sitting on packages, and another man was holding the handle of the door leading into the kitchen. The witness afterwards found, she told the Court, that this was to prevent Mrs. Jewell, who with her daughter was bolted and screwed in, from rattling the handle.

Demanding to go into the kitchen, Mrs. Graham was at length allowed to do so. She found the imprisoned ladies in tears. Miss Jenifore took the steps, and tried to escape over the back-yard wall, but was too high.

"You saw some gentlemen sitting on packages, and other gentlemen holding the handle," began Mr. Dickens.

Mrs. Graham (with asperity): "You don't know about gentlemen. There were some men there. (Laughter.)

Even more unusual was an adventure related by an Eastbourne grocer. He went to the scene of operations, hearing that there was some straw to be disposed of. With him, in the course of business, he had two or three pounds of ribbon pippins. The furniture men proposed an exchange. They would give him some chairs for the pippins. But when they had eaten the apples Miss Ellen Jewell appeared and claimed the chairs. So the witness was left disconsolate, both pippinless and chairless.

The case was adjourned.

Mr. M. Pearl, of Smart and Smart, Limited, Hackney, wishes it to be known that he is not the "Mr. Pearl" referred to in the present case, and that he is not in any way connected with that gentleman.

MURDER MYSTERY.

Wife Charged with Killing Her Husband in Burning House.

In the dock at Norwich Assizes yesterday sat a stout, matronly woman of thirty-eight, dressed in deep black. Her name was Rosa Kowen, and she was charged with the murder of her husband, James, under circumstances of the most unusual and horrible nature.

As she looked round the court, crowded with women, a sense of her situation broke down the stoical calm she has so far preserved, and she burst into tears.

Mr. Horace Avory, for the Crown, outlined the charge. There had been quarrels between Mrs. Kowen and her husband, who had saved a good deal of money, for a man in his position, and had made provision for his wife in case of his death. Once she had been heard to say she wished him dead.

On December 28 a fire broke out at the house just after midnight. Mrs. Kowen and her children were rescued by means of a plank by the neighbours. She was dressed, with her boots and stockings on, and she threw clothes and a cash-box out of the window.

The fire brigade on entering the house found a fierce fire burning in one corner. It was a bonfire made of clothes, a tablecloth, cushion, etc., and it was suggested paraffin was used. Kowen's body was discovered near the fire. There were twenty-six wounds on the head and face, and a blood-stained hammer was found on the mantelpiece.

When charged, the widow said: "I never planned to murder or harm him at all."

Evidence was called in support of counsel's opening statement. The case will last three or four days.

LEFT-HANDED ASSAILANT SUSPECTED.

The Liverpool police believe that the twelve-year-old boy, William Armitage, who was found dead near Anfield Cemetery, was murdered.

He had been making calls for his father in connection with a clothing club; and robbery is believed to be the motive of the crime.

A woman on whom he called stated that as she closed the door she heard a voice directed to the lad say, "Come along" or "Come on."

This goes to show that Armitage had somehow with him.

From the position of the body and the nature of the wounds it is believed that his assailant was left-handed.

CHURCH'S INDIFFERENCE TO LABOUR.

Rev. F. L. Donaldson Says Movement Represents the Veiled Appeal of Christ.

Signs are multiplying of the dangers which the emergence of the Labour Party in the governing sphere are working.

Lecturing on "Labour and the Church" in St. Stephen's, Walbrook, yesterday, the Rev. F. L. Donaldson, who accompanied the unemployed on their march from Leicester to London, said that the official Church had failed to see in the outstretched arms and hands of the people in the course of the most pathetic movement of the century the veiled appeal of Christ Himself.

He condemned the cynical indifference of Churchmen to the movement, and said it was inevitable that the Labour Party and the Church must at some time in the future coalesce.

A meeting is to be held on Thursday in the City with the object of organising a middle-class political party, which will defend "the common interests of the middle classes, independent of creed, nationality, or of existing party politics, in order to secure more direct representation in municipal affairs and in Parliament."

HABIT OF THUNDERSTORMS.

Claimant's Smart Retort to Counsel Concerning the "Consistency" of the Weather.

The landlady of the Ship Hotel, Wardour-street, Soho, figured to advantage in the Westminster County Court yesterday, when she sued a builder for damages sustained to her premises and trade in consequence of defendant's building operations. The Ship, she said, had been flooded three times through the rain-water pipe being blocked with brick rubbish.

Counsel (cross-examining): Is it not curious that these floods have always occurred on your busiest day, always on a Saturday?

Plaintiff: Yes. There is another curious thing.

Counsel: Yes? Plaintiff: The thunderstorms that caused the floods always occurred on a Saturday.

Poaching on the King's Domains.

Sentence of six weeks' hard labour was passed by the Berkshire magistrates at Windsor yesterday on three men who were found guilty of breaking out of Windsor Workhouse and poaching on the estates of his Majesty the King.

WIFE CHALLENGED.

Unusual Petition for Repudiation in Divorce Court.

MAYOR'S SON AND MAID.

It is not often that the Divorce Court is asked to adjudicate in an action of a man against a woman for "jactitation of marriage"—a term which means "the boasting or giving out by a party that he or she is married to another, whereby a common reputation of their marriage may follow."

Such a suit, however, was presented before Sir Gorrell Barnes yesterday by Thomas Henry Ashcroft, son of a builder at Bootle, and he brought it against Ellen Trevor, who was once his father's servant.

As in an action of this sort, the onus of the proof of the marriage rests upon the respondent, the case for whom was yesterday placed before the Court by Mr. Priesler, K.C.

The girl, said learned counsel, was nineteen when she entered the service of Ashcroft's father. She met Ashcroft, she said, and he promised her marriage. Certain relations existed between them, and he took lodgings for her at Manchester and Liverpool, where, from time to time, he stayed with her as her husband.

When the child was born in 1901 he told her to register it in her own name, paid all the expenses, and persuaded her to tell her mother that she was married.

At the Registry Office.

After a stay at Blackpool she returned to Manchester, and at the end of 1901 Ashcroft asked her to get a licence, and to give his name at the registrar's office as Harry Trevor, and his address as 19, Endell-street, St. Pancras, London.

There was no such address as Endell-street, St. Pancras, and the petitioner's object was evidently to conceal himself from his parents.

On December 10, 1901, they were married at the registrar's office of the Stretford Union, Manchester. He signed the register as "Harry Trevor," and although he now denied that he was present at the ceremony, counsel said the Judge would believe it was petitioner's handwriting.

"Say Anything, Swear Anything."

He returned to Bootle, from which place he wrote the following letter:-

For God's sake don't mention my name to anybody! Give her (your mother) the name of Trevor. If she asks you why you took the name of Ashcroft, say it was the first name that came into your mind. Say anything, swear anything.

As respondent was not well educated, he sent her to a writing school and a school of elocution, and afterwards placed her as a boarder with Mrs. Groves at Southport.

His object was that she should fit herself for the time when he could openly recognise her as his wife.

In October, 1904, he having been sending her money irregularly, a quarrel took place between her and her mother as to the maintenance of herself and her child.

The petitioner sent her a letter which he asked her to copy out, and return to him. The letter was to be opened unless there was a dispute with her parents, and it ran as follows:—

Dear Father and Mother,—I have given this letter to Harry Ashcroft so as to clear him in case you go to him at any time and cause a bother.

It is no use bothering him at all, as I have no claim on him, and the story I told you about a form of marriage I went through with an assumed name is not true, as it was not with him at all.—Nelly.

After repeated requests Ashcroft had failed to make the girl his wife. In cross-examination she stated that at the time the association commenced Ashcroft's father was Mayor of Bootle.

The hearing was adjourned.

BEGGAR'S PITY FOR ENGLAND.

"Old England's in a dreadful state, and everybody knows it." This was the song I was singing when I was arrested," said Alfred Darby, when charged in Bromley (Kent) Petty Sessions yesterday with beggary.

He was discharged on promising to return to his native county of Suffolk.

WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR'S WILL.

Administration has been granted of the estate and effects of Mr. Adolphus Waldorf Grotty ("Carl Joubert"), the well-known author of "Russia As It Really Is," "The Truth About the Tsar," and other sensational books, who died at the Savoy Hotel a month ago. He leaves all his property, which is valued at £434 10s. 1d. gross and £206 12s. 5d. net, to Mrs. Catherine Alice Gridley, of 5, Elm Park-gardens.

JUDGE'S CURIOUS POSITION

Lord Justice Fletcher-Moulton as Defendant in His Own Court.

The unusual spectacle of a Lord Justice of Appeal being cited as a respondent in that tribunal was afforded yesterday.

The appeal in question was brought against Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton, in which Mrs. Kenneth Grahame and Miss Winifred Thompson, his stepdaughters, appealed against a decision given by Mr. Justice Joyce.

The ladies asked for an account of money received by Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton, who was the trustee of the will of his wife, Mrs. Moulton, the mother of Mrs. Grahame and Miss Thompson, and it was urged on their behalf that the late Mrs. Moulton had maintained the home even after her husband had reached a position of prosperity.

Mr. Lush, K.C., counsel for the ladies, said that in debiting a sum against the ladies for the benefit of being maintained by Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton for a period of fourteen or sixteen years, Mr. Justice Joyce had taken a view of the position which, he submitted, was entirely erroneous. Mrs. Grahame and Miss Thompson were worse off under the judgment of Mr. Justice Joyce than if they had never asked for an account of how the money left to them by their mother had been spent.

Mr. Lush argued that it was quite reasonable for Mrs. Grahame and Miss Thompson to suppose that they were being maintained by Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton for nothing when they were living on extremely affectionate terms, he occupying the position of father to them, and they assisting him in his professional and parliamentary duties. The burden was upon Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton to prove that it was clear to the ladies that they were paying for their maintenance. The case was adjourned.

MILLIONAIRE'S ESTATE.

Judge Refuses "Inconceivable" Application of Colonel McCalmont's Widow.

Mrs. McCalmont, the widow of Colonel H. L. B. McCalmont, figured as an applicant before Mr. Justice Farwell yesterday.

The late Colonel's wife was proved at one and a half millions, and the Colonel bequeathed annuities amounting to £23,700, of which Mrs. McCalmont is entitled to £15,000.

The widow now asked the Court that investments might be set apart to secure all the annuities, it being estimated that, for this purpose, stocks amounting to £1,100,000 would be required.

His Lordship, Mr. Justice Farwell, said the application is an inconceivable one. She has got security over the whole of the estate, and yet asks for security on a part of it. The application will be dismissed.

GUINEAS FOR SNAPSHOTS.

Photograph of Cannon Weighing 16 Tons Being Hoisted on Board Ship for Milan Exhibition.

A sixteen-ton cannon, made especially by Messrs. Vickers, Son, and Maxim for this year's exhibition at Milan, Italy, being hoisted on board the ship which is to convey it to that country, forms the subject of the twenty-ninth prize snapshot, which appears on pages 8 and 9 to-day.

Half a guinea has been sent to Mr. J. E. Mason, of First-avenue, Dovercourt, who sent this interesting photograph.

The *Daily Mirror* awards a similar prize every day for the most interesting photograph sent in, and amateur photographers who wish to enter the competition should read the following rules:—

For every photograph used we shall pay 10s. 6d., and in addition, a prize of £2 2s. will be awarded every week to the person sending in the photograph which our readers consider the best.

Each reader may send as many votes as he likes. All votes for this week must reach us on or before the first post Tuesday, the 20th inst.

D.M. PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION.

I vote for the photograph numbered ..., considering it the best amateur photograph published in the "Daily Mirror" during the week ending March 17, 1906.

Voter's Name

Address

No negatives should be sent in. Only prints will be considered.

Each photograph should bear upon the back the competitor's name and address and the word "Competition" and be enclosed in an envelope marked "Photograph Competition."

A stamped and addressed envelope must be sent with each entry, and the Editor reserves the loss of photographs.

In order to simplify our system of book-keeping we shall only pay the money on the application of the photographer, who must cut his picture out of the *Daily Mirror*, and send it in with his request for payment.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
16, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2120 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Redex," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1906.

USELESS TALK.

THE House of Commons is never so happy as when it is wasting time. It had a regular orgie of useless talk last night. Benches which are empty when millions are being voted for good, bad, and indifferent purposes were packed to overflowing. Speakers and listeners together simply wallowed in words.

Apart from the fact that everyone wants a holiday from Fiscalties, the debate was entirely futile. Whatever our views may be about Protection and Free Trade, we all know quite well that there is no chance of our system being altered by the present Parliament. Then why talk about it?

The House of Commons is not the Westminster Debating Society. It is, or, rather, it ought to be, a business assembly. It has plenty of business to attend to without discussing purely abstract questions. Instead of resolving what it will *not* do, let it decide what it *will* do—AND DO IT!

When the London County Council used to pass resolutions on subjects which were not officially before it, scornful reminders were offered that it was elected to work and not to talk. That is the case with the House of Commons, too.

If its members imagine that they are sent there simply to air their opinions, we shall have them "resolving" next that the sea is salt, the world round and not flat; that sunshine cannot be extracted from cucumbers; that they will never try to get gold out of gravestones or to silence women's tongues.

Very amusing for them, no doubt, but if they think we are going to give them £300 a year for listening to the sound of their own voices, they are vastly mistaken. H. H. F.

KILLING NO MURDER?

The doctor who has introduced a Bill in Iowa, U.S.A., for the killing off of the hopelessly sick or injured has made a most amazing statement in support of his measure. He says that patients who cannot recover are "almost daily" put painlessly to death in hospitals.

The greatest physicians and surgeons often take human life, at the risk of being convicted for murder, simply because they know it is a mercy to the patient and his relatives.

This may possibly be true of American hospitals. As regards those of this country it is infamously, ludicrously untrue.

To begin with, the hospitals here do not take incurable cases. When they happen to have on their hands people who are seen to be beyond hope, they never for a moment dream of usurping the place of Providence.

Dr. Gregory, the introducer of the Bill, asks why human beings should be treated less kindly than animals, which, if born misshapen, are spared a wretched life; and, when to be suffering without hope of recovery, are "put out of their misery" at once.

He forgets that the world believes men to be different from animals, to be endowed with souls, to be made in God's image, whereas the animals were made according to the Creator's fancy.

If men had no souls, then we should be justified in taking their lives for our convenience just as we take the lives of animals. If animals had souls, too, then we should have to guard their existence as carefully as we guard that of human beings.

But so long as men and animals are regarded as being on a different plane of life, so long will arguments like Dr. Gregory's fall unheeded on deaf ears. E. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Our work must be done honourably and thoroughly, because we are now men; whether we ever expect to be angels, or ever were slugs, being practically no matter. We are now human creatures, and, as at our peril, do human—that is to say, affectionate, honest, and earnest—work.

Ruskin.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

EVERYBODY is so interested in questions of diet nowadays that the great attention paid to Canon Horsley's pronouncement about the deliciousness of the common or garden snail is not at all surprising. If snails do indeed become popular as a breakfast dish suburban back gardens, with their immense edible possibilities, ought to go up considerably in value, as being superior snail preserves more than anything else. After all, there is really nothing one cannot eat under stress of circumstances, and if the snail turns out a success we may come to utilising worms as well. Then whole families will be seen crawling about on their lawns at breakfast-time picking up their food as the birds do.

* * *

Such a picture ought to be peculiarly attractive to a generation which is constantly talking about "the return to nature." How economical life will be in those coming times! Unfortunately one can't help objecting to some of the points in Canon Horsley's statement. Does he realise, for in-

"population of the heart," not to mention him who spoke of having been condemned to a "few days' incarnation."

* * *

The first of a series of classical performances began at the Court Theatre last night. The word classical has for a long while, owing to the successful efforts of schoolmasters, been associated in many people's minds with boredom. People have vague recollections of having seen long Greek plays, badly pronounced by inexperienced undergraduates, at Oxford or at Cambridge, and they have, in consequence, made mental no es never to go and see another. But the performance of such a play as Euripides' "Electra," rendered by such a translator as Mr. Gilbert Murray, is a very different thing—a thing not merely academic, but still living and poetical, easily intelligible, too, in plot and characterisation.

* * *

There was one important change in the cast last night. Mr. Henry Ainley now plays Orestes, and his diction and gesture are as dignified as his appearance. He has been wise enough not to be content with his "fatal gift of beauty," but has

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

AN M.P. FOR CLERKS.

In reply to the letter that you very kindly inserted in your issue of the 10th inst., I have received over one hundred letters, and I thought it best, therefore, to arrange at an early date to call a meeting to discuss the parliamentary representation of clerks.

Therefore, if any who are interested would be good enough to let me have their names and addresses, tickets, toge her with notices of the meeting, shall be sent to them, and they will then have an opportunity of discussing their views.

E. A. MACKENZIE.

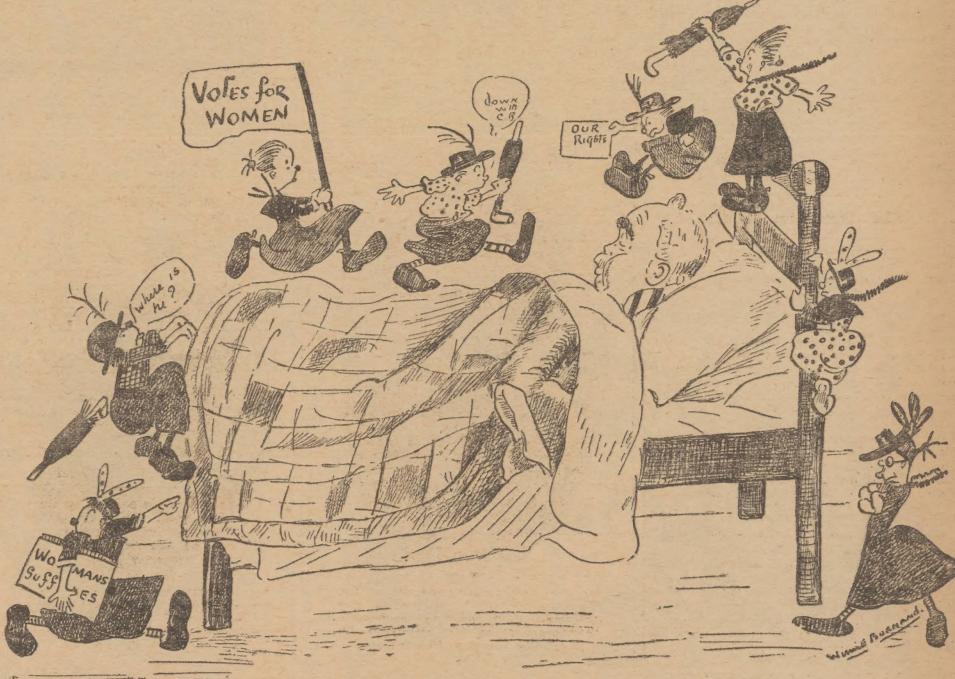
131, Loughborough-road, S.W.

HOSPITALS FOR THE FAIRLY RICH."

There is another aspect from which this matter can be regarded. For twenty years I have acted as honorary surgeon to a special hospital for diseases of the eye and ear, during which time I have seen, roughly, 30,000 cases and operated many hundreds of times.

Two-thirds of these people could have paid willingly a small fee but for the professional code of "£1 Is. or charity," while if I died to-morrow

THE PREMIER'S NIGHTMARE. BY MISS WINIFRED BURNAND.



The gifted daughter of Sir Francis Burnand, the famous editor of "Punch," is just coming out as a cartoonist. She drew specially for the "Daily Mirror" this clever cartoon, which expresses the embarrassment to which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is subjected by the women suffragists, who besiege him at his official residence and refuse to be comforted with anything short of the permission to vote.

stance, that the snails eaten in France are very carefully prepared, carefully fed up, stuffed, and so on? French people do not walk out, as he seems to imagine, into the highways and pick their nourishment casually off the hedges and out of the grass.

* * *

Canon Horsley apparently has an original mind, and he has certainly had a remarkable career. For one thing, he has been a prison chaplain—has served for ten years at Clerkenwell amongst the outcasts of society. He keeps all kinds of curious relics of the poor creatures whom he often grew to care for, and often—when, as he said, they were at their best—had to follow to the scaffold. Thus he can show, amongst other things, a kind of mat woven out of a woman's hair with a text upon it. The woman had been in prison 300 times! She made the thing with a pin found on the floor of her cell.

* * *

That story proves the devotion Canon Horsley can inspire in prisoners. Another even greater compliment was paid him by the criminal who described him thus to a fellow-prisoner: "He's a run 'un, 'e is. 'E cum into my cell and 'e sez, 'ez 'e, 'You talk straight to me and 'I'll talk straight to you.' 'E must be one of us turned, 'course." For the rest, the Canon has heard many things said of his god! There were the man who complained that he had "a discussion on the brain, brought on by delusioness," and the other who suffered from "information on the lungs" and

wanted to be an intelligent actor, too, and as a result he seems to grow better in every new part he plays. One ought to say, by the way, that Mr. Granville Barker has decided to do away with the orchestra at the Court during these classical performances. He has already suppressed curtain calls, so one may hope that this theatre may soon become a place of restful and quiet enjoyment whence the din that is considered an attraction to most places of amusement may be excluded.

* * *

What, after all, can be the dramatic use of an orchestra, drumming out incongruous tunes and drawing all talk, all discussion of the play, during the interval? Such a thing does not exist in France, where the drama is re-pefted, nor, of course, in Germany, where music is not allowed unless it happens to be good. But here, after watching an exciting scene—a murder, somebody weeping, or other distresses and perplexities—we are condemned to listen (probably for the nine hundred and nineteenth time) to the overture from "Mirtille" or to a waltz tune utterly out of keeping with what has gone before. May Mr. Barker prosper in his fight against this absurdity!

* * *

The announcement that M. Clemenceau is likely to hold the position of Home Secretary in the new French Government destroys any hope anyone may have had as to the chance of a reversion to a more generous policy, and one more careful of the external position of France than has been customary there of late.

my wife and family would be unprovided for except for a small insurance.

I would gladly start a paying hospital such as you indicate in your admirable article; but where is the capital to come from?

SPECIALIST.

Southsea.

DOES MAN POSSESS FREE WILL?

No. The will of man is fettered by hereditary influences, environment, Divine limitations. Phrenology, natural laws, Biblical teaching, dreams, visions, prophecies, revelations, give a decided negative to free will. The destiny of men and nations being foretold with exactitude long before they existed, it must be God's will, not ours, which moulds and directs the fashion of our lives.

CHARLES P. W. TUTT.

Battenberry-road, Leicester.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 12.—The poppies are a very handsome class of plants, easy to grow, and producing a fine effect in any garden. Perhaps the showiest variety is the Oriental. What a fine picture these poppies make in May and June, rising above the rather flowery perennial borders! They can now be obtained in many shades of scarlet.

The Shilley poppies (a "sport" from the wild species) can now be sown, and will make a lovely summer bed of delicate colour.

E. F. T.

NEWS BY CAMERA

FEEDING THE KING'S STAGS AT WINDSOR.



During the winter the King's deer at Windsor Park are regularly fed. In a few days' time they will be left to forage for themselves. Inset is a portrait of Mr. Overton, the King's head-keeper at Windsor, who retires next week, after thirty-six years' service.

"ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY."



Scene from "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" at the Duke of York's Theatre. Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Gerald du Maurier searching on the floor for the torn-up marriage licence.—(Ellis and Waléry.)

MAMMOTH ELECTRIC SWITCHBOARD.



The switchboard at the Chelsea Power-Station, which supplies the power for the Baker-street and Waterloo Tube Railway.

Prince of Wales Presenting Co

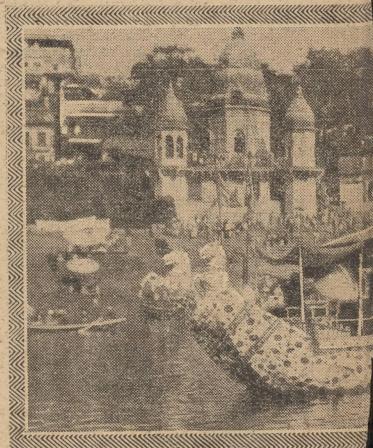


The first Marquis of Anglesey had the honour of raising the old 80th Regiment, which is now known as the 2nd Battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment. Its first war record was gained with the Duke of York's army in Flanders in 1794, and since then it has seen

CAPTURED BY BANDITS.



Mme. du Gast, the famous French lady motorist, reported captured near Ceuta by the Moorish brigand, Valiente.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

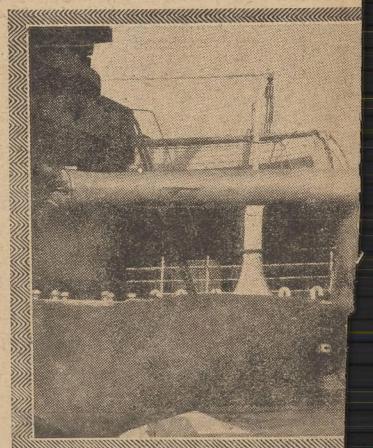


State barge on which the Prince and Princess of W

No. 29.—AMATEUR PH

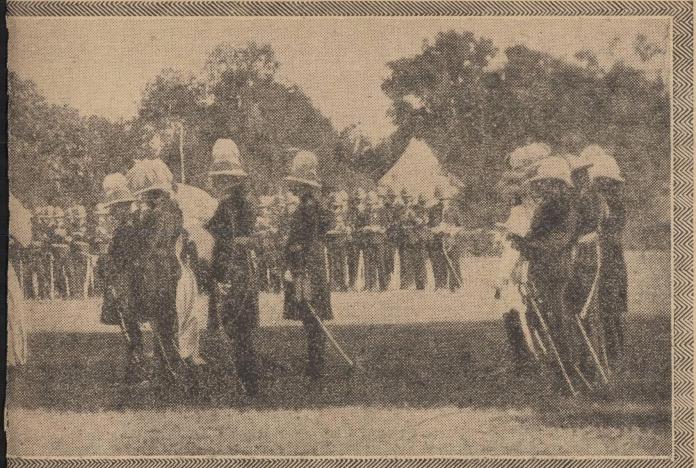


El Moro Valiente, the Moorish brigand, who is said to have captured Mme. du Gast.

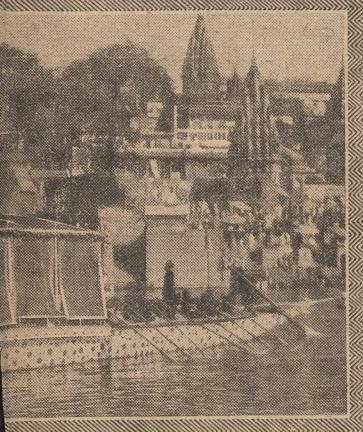


Amateur photographers are invited to send in used 10s, 6d. will be paid, and every week a £2 will be given to the best. A voting coupon is sent with each issue.

urs to the South Staffordshires.

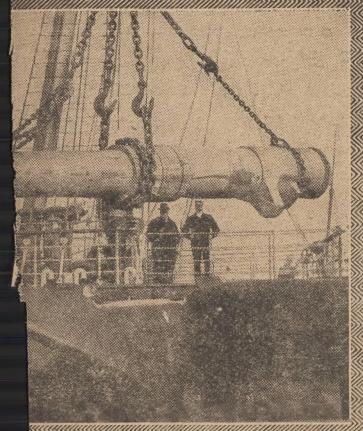


active service at the Cape (1796) and Transvaal (1878). New colours were presented by the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess, in the grounds of Nandesar House, Benares. Above photograph is by the *Daily Mirror* staff photographer accompanying the royal tour.



yed down the Ganges through the sacred city of

PHOTOGRAPHERS' COMPETITION.

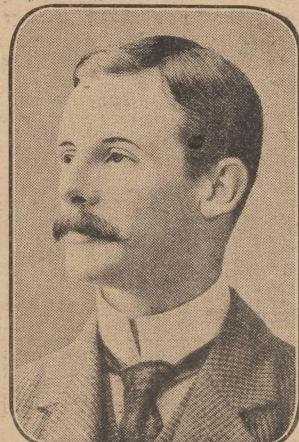


photographs to the *Daily Mirror*. For each one awarded to the sender of the picture adjudged by age 5. No. 29, sent in by Mr. J. E. Mason, 2, weighing sixteen tons being dispatched by Messrs. Allan exhibition.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Miss Olive Grace Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neave Hill, of Hans-crescent-mansions, to be married today to—



—Mr. Malcolm Ferguson, of Johannesburg, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, S.W.

THE HIRE-PURCHASE SYSTEM CASE.



Miss Ellen Jewell, one of the plaintiffs in the case against Messrs. Oetmann and Co., and her mother leaving the Law Courts yesterday, the sixth day of hearing.



On the left Mr. Dickens, K.C., counsel for the defendants; in the centre Mr. Lush, K.C., and Mr. Acland, counsel for the plaintiffs; and on the right Mr. Stone, who saw the Misses Jewell at Eastbourne on behalf of the defendants.



Crowd outside the Strand entrance to the Law Courts awaiting admission to the public gallery of the court where the Jewell v. Oetmann case was heard.

By Right of Love.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

PAUL CHESTER, a clever, handsome young man, with great political ambitions.
LADY SUSAN CHESTER, his wife.
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BUCKSHIRE, the coming Prime Minister and his beautiful wife.
RUPERT TEMPLE, the Duke's private secretary.
LORD ROBERT AYLMER, cousin to Lady Susan Chester, whom he loves.

CHAPTER XXI. (continued).

Henrietta drew herself up to her full height. She was feeling strangely triumphant, for the few words Chester had spoken had revealed to her all that she wanted to know.

"Dear, wonderful Henrietta!" He would not have referred to her in such terms unless he cared for her. She felt convinced of that—superbly, passionately convinced, and her heart swelled with pride; but, curiously enough, directly she felt that Chester loved her, her interest in him waned a little, for after all he was a boy following in the footsteps of so many other men—just as she might have known from the first that he would, for who was Chester to pit his strength against hers, or think to come out victor in the conflict—the old eternal conflict between man and woman—between passion and honour.

She stared at Susan resolutely, realising in a sudden flash that the other might be a difficult person to deal with if she took up the rôle of the injured and outraged wife. It would be horribly awkward, for instance, if Susan made a jealous scene, as it was quite possible she might.

"Lady Susan!" Henrietta's voice was very calm—very quiet. "Don't you think you are talking rather foolishly? Am I to blame because your husband happens to murmur my name—when he doesn't even know what he is saying? Please don't be jealous, it's so absolutely ridiculous!"

Susan winced. She felt as if the Duchess had slapped her in the face. Also she was conscious that she had brought the humiliation on herself. Why had she been foolish enough to show she cared—to expose her wounded, lacerated heart to the other's relentless gaze.

"I am not jealous—why should I be?" she panted. "I simply don't care."

She stood up firmly erect, once more a woman of ice—a lady of stone.

"You don't care if he lives or dies—is that what you mean?" muttered Henrietta.

"Perhaps," answered Susan. She gazed down at her husband as she spoke, and remembered how wildly she had been petitioning God for his recovery only half an hour ago. But now—she hardly knew what she wished, what she desired; then she suddenly cursed herself for her blind folly in letting Chester come alone to Hemswoth. Fool that she had been to send her beloved to this house where Circe dwelt—she deserved all that had happened, she was to blame because she let him go.

"You're upset—you don't mean what you are saying. Won't you go and lie down, dear Lady Susan? A room has been prepared for you." Henrietta had recovered a bland suavity of manner, and her voice sounded very soft, almost caressing.

Susan stared at her helplessly. What was she to make of this marvellous creature, this woman who was as changeable as the winds, and why did she suddenly show her such solicitude?

"You want me to go?" she muttered. "To go, and leave you with him. I am not going."

She did not mean to say the jealous foolish words, but they came in spite of herself.

Henrietta shook her head.

"Now, you mustn't be silly like this," she murmured soothingly, just as if she was addressing a forward and foolish child. "Don't you realise, have you never heard that people talk the wildest nonsense when they are delirious? Will you believe me when I tell you that your husband has never once addressed me by my Christian name, nor is ever likely to? Have you quite forgotten who I am?"

She assumed an air of virtuous indignation, then added, with a slight touch of hauteur:

"I am really the person who ought to feel the most annoyed—only who could blame a sick, a delirious man?"

Her voice—that wonderful, changeful voice—became charged with the tenderest and most melting pity as she said the last words, and she smiled at Susan in wan, friendly fashion.

"Poor, poor Lady Susan," she went on gently. "You mustn't harbour unjust suspicions about me and about him—and at such a time, too."

Susan hung her head, realising that her attack on the Duchess had been unjustifiable, perhaps, and not the less convinced that the other had played the part of a temptress towards Chester, for she remembered all the stories she had heard about Henrietta—stories which had often made her morally sick. Still, it seemed that there was nothing she could do now but apologise for her rash accusation though she felt that she herself was the person who had been wronged.

"I beg your pardon," she muttered, "perhaps you are not to blame—but I don't know—I don't know."

As she murmured the half-incoherent words the door opened gently, and the nurse stole in. Sister Janet was a prim, brown-haired little woman, crisp and fresh in her pale blue lined dress, and she

brought a breath of the outside world in with her. She relieved a moment of painfully intense emotion.

"How is my patient?" she asked, addressing herself to Lady Susan; then she glanced at the Duchess as though she was surprised to see her at such an early hour of the morning.

"I don't know," muttered Susan, "but he's been talking. I suppose I ought to have gone and fetched you at once." She spoke wearily—languidly.

"Of course, you ought to have sent for me," muttered Sister Janet flushing, then she walked rapidly over to the bed, examined Chester with sharp scrutiny, then bent down and put her hand upon his breast.

The two women watched her anxiously, trying to read her face, but its calm composure baffled them.

"There's a change," muttered Sister Janet. "Will you please send for Dr. Arnott at once. I want him to see the patient without delay."

Neither Lady Susan nor Henrietta stirred. They had a question to ask first—two questions.

"A change—will he live?" muttered Henrietta. Her face looked very strained as she murmured the words, her gleaming mouth quivered.

"Will he die?" asked Susan.

CHAPTER XXII.

Chester lay in his bed trying to piece things together in his mind, still feeling a little vague and hazy as to all that had occurred.

He had but a dim recollection of the motor-car smash, and he could not have told when and where the accident had happened, but he was aware that he had suffered pain—severe pain—also what a beautiful thing it was to be rid of this pain, to have got beyond it, sloughed it, as a snake sloughs his skin.

His body felt strangely weak. He hadn't the strength of a pulsing babe, but he didn't mind—he really didn't care—it was so good to lie perfectly still in the big, comfortable bed, sniffling in the fragrance of the lavender-scented sheets, and letting his mind occupy itself really about nothing. How many rings there were to the crimson silk window curtains, for instance, or to notice how the sunrays glinted on the mahogany chest of drawers, and to think lazily and dreamily of brown chestnuts when the sunshine plays upon them.

There was a woman who moved about the room—a woman he felt very thankful to. She had a kind face, and she wore a fresh blue linen gown, a dress with a nice healthy, starchy rustle about it. Every now and then she would put a little white china cup to Chester's lips, and he would sip gratefully at something which tasted like soup—warm, comforting soup—or else he would be given spoonfuls of cool, delicious jelly.

He drank milk and soda thirstily, and was steeped in a dreamy and delicious languor. Indeed, he would have been perfectly content to lie on his back for hours, never stirring nor moving—quiet and passive. Once or twice he recognised the fact, that a man had come into the room, a man who must be his unknown doctor, and he was grateful to this individual in a dull, languid sort of way, for he felt insensibly that the doctor was going to help him towards recovery, and, of course, he was a young man and with all the world in front of him; it would have been strange indeed if he hadn't shrank back from the idea of crossing the dark river—the river which all men have to swim in the end.

One day about the third day after his accident, he was suddenly conscious of the presence of Susan.

She had come into the room very, very quietly, and was talking in low whispers to the nurse, and it struck him as he listened what a soft and melodious voice his wife possessed.

He opened his eyes as she came up to the bed and tried to smile at her faintly, but Susan's face was very grave and cold, and there was an expression about it which chilled him.

"I hope you are better, Paul?" She spoke in a low whisper, and her voice was as cold and listless as her face.

"Yes, I am better," he answered. It was the first time he had spoken with any real consciousness of his words since his accident, or so he heard the nurse proclaim in jubilant tones.

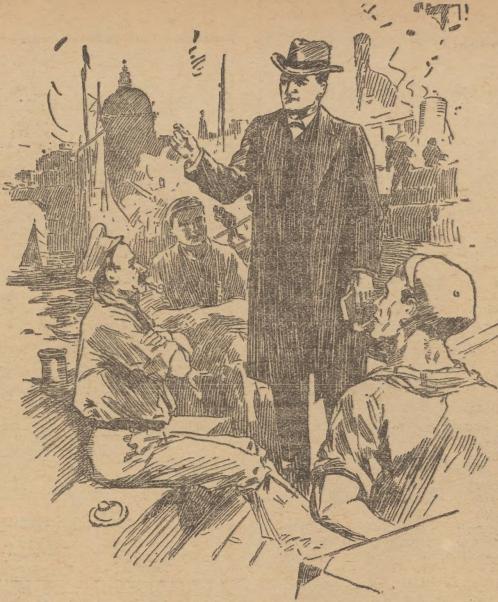
But Susan did not appear either thrilled or excited; her composure was extraordinary, and a little chilling.

"You must keep quiet; you must keep very quiet, Paul."

She glided away from the bed and walked up to the big mahogany dressing-table, then began fingering a cut-glass eau-de-Cologne bottle, drawing the glass stopper in and out in absent-minded fashion. There was nothing in her calm manner to suggest that she was a soul in pain; and yet no one but Susan knew the agony it was to have to pay constant visits of inquiry to her husband's room and act the conventional part of the anxious wife. For she could never forget—how was it possible that she should be able to forget?—that she meant nothing and less than nothing to Paul Chester. It was another woman he had called on in his hour of delirium. He had not murmured her name, and she hated herself because she still loved him—loved the man who had so obviously forgotten her.

(To be continued.)

A CITY MISSIONARY



Makes an important statement

Many readers of this series will be interested in reading the opinion on 'Modern Success and Nerve Force,' which Mr. P. J. Icely, a London City Missionary, contributes out of his experience. Modern Success, or the power of 'getting there' as the Americans expressively term it, depends entirely upon Nerve Force; if that Nerve Force, is seriously diminished by bodily or mental exhaustion, then the amount of success is also decreased. The greater the Nerve Force, the greater the success that can be attained, and in proof of this, Mr. Icely says after suffering much from nervous ailments, he took a course of Phosferine and was then easily able to accomplish much more work than formerly, with less exertion, so thoroughly did the famous Tonic restore and reinforce his entire nerve system. Mr. Icely considers that the curative properties of Phosferine are marvellous.

That will help breadwinners.

Mr. P. J. Icely (London City Missionary), 79, Brayard Rd., Peckham, writes:—"I am pleased to give my testimony to the value of your Phosferine in the case of nervousness, depression and brain-fag. I have tried it several times, on one occasion especially, I had been laid up for some time and did not appear to receive much good from the doctor's medicine, but after taking a bottle of Phosferine I was soon revived, and in a short time regained strength. I am brought in contact with a good many sufferers in my visits as a London City Missionary, and can confidently recommend it."—February 17, 1905.

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PHOSFERINE

The Greatest of all Tonics.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Lassitude	Backache	Stomach Disorders	Influenza
Neuralgia	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Headaches
R. catarrhitis	Premature Decay	Sleeplessness	Hysteria
Indigestion	Nervous Disability	Exhaustion	Faintness

and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

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Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family
H.M. the Empress of Russia
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And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.
Bottles, 1/2-pint, 2-pint, and 16-pint sizes.
Price 1/-, 1/-, 1/-, and 4/-
The 2/3-pint size contains nearly four times the 1/2-pint size.

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Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, &c. Send for
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Court Rd., S.E.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Fresh Algeciras Rumours Have a Weakening Effect.

KAFFIR SET-BACK.

CAPEL COURT, Monday Evening.—There were rumours that all was not going so well at the Algeciras Conference. Moreover, New York has appeared in London as an inquirer for gold. It was hoped that the Bank of England would secure a goodly amount of gold in the open market this week, but New York overbid the Bank and secured a nice little lot of a quarter of a million to-day. This had the effect of causing discount rates to harden, and acted adversely on Consols. True, the stock only lost $\frac{1}{2}$ at 90 $\frac{1}{2}$, but, taking the markets as a whole to-day, there was not so much business doing, and the tendency was just a little easier.

The Treasury bills results were again very favourable to the Government, and once more the reason why the Government was able to place its bills on such favourable terms was that Japan wanted to invest a portion of its balances in this country.

RUSSIAN LOAN REPORTED PLACED.

Of course, the Algeciras rumours had a little adverse influence on the Foreign market, and prices were not so good, even the copper shares falling away in sympathy. The one outstanding good spot was the strength of Russian bonds, and this was due to the reported placing of the loan. The death of the Argentine President was reflected by a slight decline in Argentine Government bonds.

One might have thought that the fact that New York was securing so much gold would have been made a "bull" point for American Rails. This was not the case. The rumours of the Morocco Conference which seemed to scare the recent gamblers lest there should be any Continental selling, and fears about the coming big Pennsylvania coal strike held the market well in hand.

So, too; there was not such a good tendency for Home Rails. A little profit-taking was encouraged after the recent rally, and there was not so much business. The minor North-Western accident caused North-Westerns to decline slightly. The good Brighton traffic increase had practically no influence at all.

CANADIAN PACIFIC INCREASE.

As usual, the Canadian Pacific came up with a thumping traffic increase. It was nearly equal to £30,000 increase. But as Americans were dull, Canadian Rails were also inclined to be dull. The death of the Argentine President was used to check Argentine Rails, but there were a few exceptions. For instance, the great dispute as to dock dues at the port of Rosario, which has so checked Cordoba and Rosario traffic, is in a fair way of settlement, and so people are expecting that the delayed heavy coal traffic will come forward.

There was a firm tendency for Brazilian Rails, especially for Leopoldinians; and here the market talked mysteriously about some weighty reason for the improvement which is not yet public property. It is much the same with Manila Rails, the debentures having improved to 123 on the belief that the purchase by the American Government is assured, and that the negotiations have moved forward.

NO BUYERS FOR KAFFIRS.

Gambling in the Canadian and Argentine land grants is still noticeable. The catering group of shares showed a rather better tendency.

The Gwad-Trunk Guaranteed new issue was a great success. The lists were closed this morning as early as ten o'clock, and 22 per cent. premium was put on the issue price.

After opening firm, Kaffirs went to pieces. There were some sharpish set-backs. The truth is the "bear" covering being completed, there are now no buyers, and the "shops" show no desire to support the market with all the political uncertainties. A financier of the Goldfields group has committed suicide, and this did not help the market. On the other hand, there are not wanting numerous minor good points in the mining sections. For instance, Utali-Apex were firm on good strike news. Several excuses were offered for the firmness of El Oros in the Mexican division, and for Bibianis in the West African. Broken Hill Props were dull on another front on the property.

PRECIOUS QUALITY FOR GIRLS.

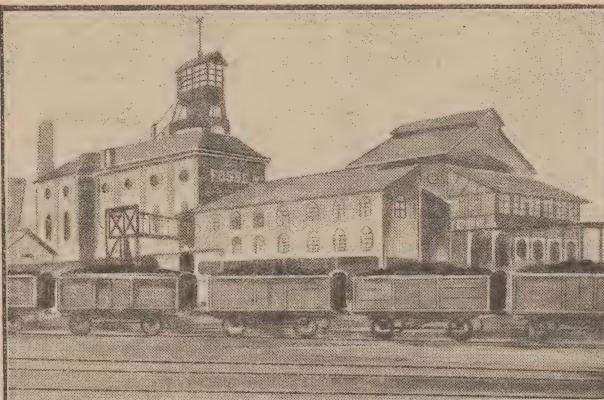
Bishop of London Says Whole World Would Be Disappointed To Find Them Lacking Faith.

"As I look around the world I find it sadly wanting in faith," said the Bishop of London yesterday in an address delivered at Westminster to a crowded meeting of the Girls' Diocesan Association.

"First among the fruits expected from you girls is the fruit of faith."

"You may hear the lack of faith in the conversation of the man next you at dinner, see it in the troubled eyes of the brother at the university, and, most pathetic of all, may see it in the boy at school."

"It is to the sister that a boy turns in trouble, and the whole world would be disappointed if they went to girls and found them without faith?"

COURRIERES COAL-PIT DISASTER PLACES FRANCE IN MOURNING.

General view of the colliery at Courrières, where the terrible disaster has taken place by which 1,200 miners have lost their lives.



Miners preparing to enter the pit where the disaster took place.



Crowd outside the colliery gates awaiting news of their dead comrades.



Preparing respirators for the use of miners descending the gas-choked pit, and miners carrying away the dead.

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£200	4 10 0
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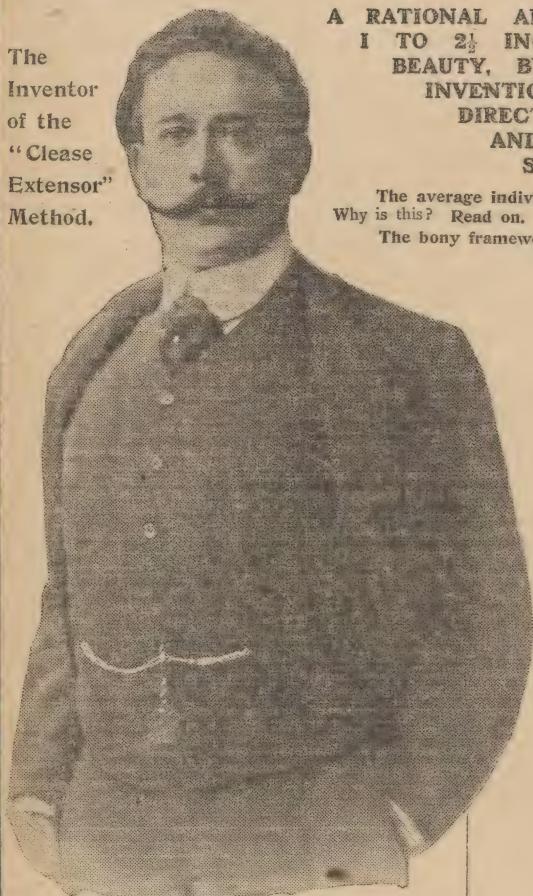
The Trade Only supplied by F. NEWBERRY & SONS, LTD., 27, CHARTERHOUSE SQUARE, LONDON, E.C. E. S. WEILS, Chemist, JERSEY CITY, N.J., U.S.A.

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WITHOUT Capital.—At one time a man required a large capital before buying a house or flat, but today he can buy it on a small capital. The Manager, 72 Bishopton Road, Witherton, London, E.C., will be pleased to furnish particulars post free on application.—Mention "Daily Mirror."

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Director of Exercise Haileybury College, Hertford, England.
Three years Director of Public Gymnasium of Dundee, Scotland, and of the East of Scotland Ladies' Academy, Head of Champion Gymnastic Team of England and Scotland.

Five years Physical Director of Birmingham Athletic Institute (the largest of its kind in Britain).

Author of a book, "A System of Physical Culture," now in use in all the principal National Schools of England.

CAN BE CONSULTED ON ALL MATTERS PERTAINING TO INCREASE OF STATURE OR IMPROVEMENT OF HEALTH BY NATURAL MEANS, ANY DAY BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 11 AND 3 O'CLOCK, GRATUITOUSLY, AT 74, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

A RATIONAL AND SCIENTIFIC METHOD OF INCREASING HEIGHT FROM 1 TO 2½ INCHES, WITH ADDED STRENGTH, HEALTH, AND BODILY BEAUTY, BY THE NEW "CLEAZE EXTENSOR" METHOD, THE INVENTION OF MR. F. MEREDITH CLEAZE, PH.L.D., LATE DIRECTOR OF EXERCISES TO HAILEYBURY COLLEGE, AND THE OUTCOME OF 17 YEARS' CONTINUOUS STUDY OF THE PHYSICAL SIDE OF LIFE.

The average individual is fully 1½ ins. below his possible height. Why is this? Read on.

The bony framework (skeleton) is held in position, when standing erect, by various sets of muscles.

There are two kinds of muscles—those that stretch (the Extensors) and those that fold up (the Flexors) the body.

The child has a natural upright carriage of body up to the time of its going to school—it is here where the mischief begins.

At school the child is made to sit in a doubled-up position the greater part of the day; consequently, the folding-up (Flexor) muscles are unduly contracted and the Extensor (stretching) muscles weakened.

Seventy-five per cent. of boys and girls on leaving school are more or less doubled-up, round-shouldered, flat-chested, and lop-sided—mainly due to this faulty Physical Education.

In this weak condition they are sent forth to fight life's battles, and as time goes on it will be found that the practical study of *Physical Education* forms no part of modern life, therefore men and women go through life as stunted beings.

Why you are not taller should not be difficult to understand. The spinal column is—or should be—supported when in an upright position by the Extensor muscles acting in co-ordination with the Flexor muscles.

Now, if the Extensors are weaker than the Flexors, it is obvious that the "column" must be pulled out of shape, and consequently become shortened in height, like a bent stick.

This unnatural shortening of stature is not a mere matter of personal appearance, however. It has a much more serious consequence.

The individual who is not as tall as Nature intended cannot possess that full measure of

MR. CLEAZE'S METHOD WILL GIVE TO LADIES A BEAUTY OF FIGURE and grace of carriage unattainable by other methods, and the same result can be assured for **awkward and ungainly men**. Mr. Cleaze's method—the "Cleaze Method"—is the result of many years of continuous study of the human frame, and constitutes an absolutely new departure in the science of improving the body by physical education. It has no connection or similarity whatsoever with any other form of bodily exercise, whether it be for health or increasing height, that is being advertised.

FREE: an elaborate and interesting Book of 64 pages.

In order that serious enquirers can sufficiently judge the merits of this method, please cut the attached form off page, and indicate by a mark thus your **physical requirements**, and a set of **selected movements** prepared for you by Mr. Cleaze will be sent in course of a day or two. Each movement is a photo from life, with instructions (covering a period of two weeks) that can be readily followed and understood by a child. Mr. Cleaze makes this offer in order to have his unique methods widely and quickly known, and will at the same time enclose the interesting 64-page Book fully illustrated, entitled, "Why you are not Taller." All correspondence is strictly confidential.

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Constipation.....
Other Stomach-Trouble.....
X Lung Trouble.....
Sunted Growth.....
Ungainly walk.....
X Curvature of Spine.....
Too Thin.....
Superfluous Flesh.....
Prominent Hips.....
Height.....
Thin Bust.....
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For all disorders of the stomach—HEADACHE, SICKNESS, WIND, CONSTIPATION, HEART-BURN, FULLNESS, LACK OF ENERGY, &c.,

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are a safe and certain remedy for the following reasons:—They are not a quack remedy but the prescription of Dr. SCOTT, an eminent Medical Man, who for many years administered them with unfailing success. They do not contain a single harmful drug and can be taken with impunity by old and young alike. They work mildly, clear the system from all impurities and acting as a tonic bring back the colour to the cheek, brightness to the eyes, and impart the gaiety and light-heartedness of health.

Ask your Chemist for them, and take no others. Wrapped in a square green package, 1/1d. and 2/9 per box.

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One difficulty we had to contend with in country housekeeping was that the local supply of fish was so limited and uncertain.

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the dish in the oven for the cheese to lightly brown, and serve quickly.

COD'S ROE CUTLETS.

INGREDIENTS:—One pound of cod's roe, one raw egg, breadcrumbs, frying fat.

Cut the par-boiled roe into slices about three-quarters of an inch thick. Brush these with beaten egg, then cover them with crumbs. Press these well to flatten the surface, and fry the cutlets in hot fat till they are a golden brown colour.

Drain them on paper to remove grease, and serve them, if liked, with fried parsley and quarters of lemon.

BAKED COD WITH TOMATOES.

INGREDIENTS:—Two pounds of tail of cod, one and a half pounds of tomatoes, two teaspoonsfuls of chopped parsley, a small bowl of grated onion, one ounce of butter, browned crumbs.

Wash the cod, trim off the fins, and point the tail.

Butter a baking-tin, lay the fish in it, and brush it over with warmed butter, then spread on it the parsley and onion mixed together. Shake



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baskets: A pair of small lemon soles, a whole small cod, one pound of cod's roe, one smoked haddock, two pairs of blisters.

SOLES AU PARMESAN.

INGREDIENTS:—Two small soles, one tablespoonful of mustard-ketchup, one ounce of butter, two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese, one gill of milk, one gill of water, half an ounce of flour, salt and pepper.

Flute the soles, roll up each fillet, rolling from the head to the tail, and turning the skin side inwards. Place these on a buttered tin and cover them with a buttered paper. Bake the fillets in a moderate oven for about ten minutes. Then place them on a hot dish, and pour the parmesan sauce over.

To make the sauce melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour, and fry it a pale coffee colour. Add the milk and water, and stir it till the sauce boils. Put in all but one tablespoonful of the cheese, and season it carefully. Allow the sauce to simmer over a very low fire for a few minutes, add any liquid from the tin to the sauce, and pour it over the fish.

Shake the rest of the cheese over the top, place

over the fish some browned crumbs, to give the fish the appearance of being fried, and put small bits of butter here and there on it.

Wipe the tomatoes, remove the stalks, and put them in the tin with the fish. Cover all with buttered paper, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty to thirty minutes, according to the thickness.

FISH PIE.

INGREDIENTS:—Two pounds of scraps of fish (cooked), two pounds of cooked potatoes, two hard-boiled eggs, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one ounce of butter, one gill of flour, three-quarters of a pint of milk, salt and pepper.

Remove the bones, and skin and separate the fish into large flakes. Melt the butter, stir in the flour smoothly, add the milk, and stir the sauce till it boils, then season nicely.

Mix the fish with this sauce and put it in the pie-dish; arrange slices of hard-boiled eggs on the top, and cover the top of the pie over with the rest of the potato. Smooth it over evenly and mark it tastefully with a fork. Put a few bits of butter on the top, and bake the pie till well browned in a sharp oven.

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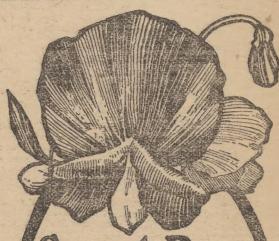
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